

Songs of
Jimmie Davis

WRITER OF

DE LUXE
EDITION

**Nobody's
Darling**

AND

49

OTHER SONGS

including

"THE ANSWER TO
NOBODY'S DARLING"

"IN MY CABIN TONIGHT"

"COWBOY'S HOME
SWEET HOME"

"BURY ME IN
OLD KENTUCKY"

"HONKY-TONK BLUES"

WITH UKULELE
GUITAR & BANJO
CHORDS

SOUTHERN MUSIC PUB. CO.

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Foreword

Jimmie Davis, celebrated singer, yodeler and composer, was born in a log cabin in Quitman, Louisiana, a very small town in a section of the country that was then practically a wilderness although it had been settled by the very early explorers. It was so wild and so remote that, until he was four years old, Jimmie had never even seen a town.

His first trip to a village was a very eventful occasion. There was a circus in town, so his father decided to take Jimmie. All went well and there was much excitement until a photographer attempted to take his picture. The sight of a man with his head under a black cloth and with a queer contraption in front of him was too much for the farm boy, so Jimmie ran away. He still cherishes the picture that was finally taken, with the scared expression on his face.

Jimmie's parents and grandparents were of sturdy American stock—people who tilled the soil and earned their living from the fields. His grandmother was a true pioneer woman who plowed and planted the ground herself in order to feed her children while her husband was in the war. Jimmie loved to hear the doughty old lady tell of her struggles to eke out a living. She was successful—so much so that when she died a few years ago at the age of ninety-five she had never had time to learn to read or write or to count money.

When Jimmie's father sold his farm and moved to town he received the stupendous sum of two dollars an acre for the land. Today that same farm is in the middle of an oil field, and could not be purchased at any price.

Musical ability was a family characteristic. Jimmie's grandfather was a great singer of the old Sacred Harp, and quite a dancer of the buck and wing type. It was through him that Jimmie learned, in his early childhood, many of the old songs which he still sings today.

There was not enough money in the family to provide an education for Jimmy, so he was obliged to work his way through school. At first he did all sorts of odd jobs, including washing dishes, but finally he obtained work with a lumber outfit, sawing and carting wood. This was hard work, but not too difficult for a country boy whose muscles had been developed in the fields.

Before long, however, Jimmie's natural talent asserted itself, and he began to sing with a quartette. The boys were able to earn money singing in restaurants and small theatres all over Louisiana, and soon there was a great demand for their services.

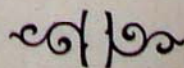
Jimmie soon discovered that the thing he loved most in the world was music. Early in his career he realized that the simple ballads that went directly to the hearts of the people were the most popular and successful.

Eventually Jimmie began to realize that he himself could compose songs that had a wide appeal and earned enthusiastic applause from his audiences. All his compositions received great acclaim wherever they were sung, either by the quartette or as solos by Jimmie.

In all his songs Jimmie has chosen topics taken directly from life as he sees it all around him—simple and sweet subjects that touch the hearts of the listeners. The first song he ever composed, "Baby's Lullaby," was inspired by the sight of a young mother rocking her baby to sleep. Jimmie did not know the mother or the baby, but the sight of her tender solicitude was so touching to him that he sat down and wrote a ballad about it.

His biggest success, *Nobody's Darlin' but Mine*, is one of the sweetest love songs ever written and, through this composition, the name Jimmie Davis has become a by-word in England, in South Africa, Australia—in fact, in every English speaking country.

Although he is busy with his many activities, Jimmie is an ardent coon-hunter. His greatest recreation is following the coon-hound through the fields, or shooting jack-rabbits on the plains. But best of all Jimmie loves his music, and his keenest pleasure is to sit down with his old guitar and compose a ballad.



Songs of JIMMIE DAVIS

Deluxe Edition

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Tune Guitar
E A D G B E
Put Capo on 1st fret

By JIMMIE D.

Moderato

1. Come sit by my
2. No - bod - y's
3. You're as sweet as th
4. My moth - er is
5. Good - bye, — Go

side lit - tle dar - lin', Come lay your cool hand on
dar - lin' but mine, love, Be hon - est, be faith - ful,
flow - ers of spring - time, You're as pure as the dew from
dead and in heav - en, My dad - dy has gone down
bye, lit - tle dar - lin', I'm leav - ing this cold world

brow;
kind;
rose;
low;
hind,
I had
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,
rath - er be some - bod - y's dar - lin',
Sis - ter has gone to meet moth - er,
Prom - ise me that you will nev - er,

Be
Be
Than a
And
Be
no - bod - y's
no - bod - y's
poor boy that
where I'll go
no - bod - y's
dar - lin' but
dar - lin' but
no - bod - y
no - bod - y
dar - lin' but
mine.
mine.
knows.
knows.
mine.
Back to 2d verse
Back to 3d verse
to Interlude
to 5th verse

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Interlude (Violin, whistling or instrumental solo)

5

to 4th verse

My

D.S. al Fine

Lonely Hobo

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I'm just a lone - ly ho - bo,
2. go down to the rail - road

And Wan - der - ing catch me an -

'round your town. I've been stran - ger to in your an -
der door, And you have turned me down. 2. I'll

Repeat to 2d verse

oth - er town, Just to be turned down a - gain.

CHORUS

A ho - bo's life is so lone - ly, Out in the
got to be a bore, boy, Trav'lin' the

rain and the snow; The cops are al - ways
ho - bo's road. No one to tell my

af - ter me, And to the jail I go; It's

trou - bles' to And share my heav - y load.

3. I once was so happy
In a garden by the sea
Living with my pride and joy
She was the world to me. (to 4th verse)

Lonely Hobo

4. One day she did me wrong
And left with another man
And I am just a hobo,
She made me what I am.

The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

By JIMMIE DA



I'll sit down be - side you, m
You said that your moth - er w

Dar - lin',
dead, love,
I've wait-ed for you man-y years;
My moth-er, like yours, left this world;
And I prom-ise yo
No broth-ers, no

now that I'll nev - er Be no-bod-y's Dar-ling but yours.
sis-ters, to love me, There's no one but you, lit - tle girl.

CHORUS

No - bod - y's Dar-lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith-ful to you through the years.

You'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but mine, love; I'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but yours.

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The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

7

By JIMMIE DAVIS

G D7 G G G7 C D7 G G G7 C D7 G G G7 C D7 G

I'll sit down be - side you, my
You said that your moth - er was

Dar - lin', dead, love, I've wait-ed for you man-y years; And I prom-ise you
My moth-er, like yours, left this world; No broth-ers, no

now that I'll sis-ters, to nev-er love me, Be There's no-bod-y's no one but Dar-ling but yours. girl.

CHORUS No - bod - y's Dar-lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith-ful to you through the years.

You'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but mine, love; I'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but yours.

The Answer to "Nobody's Darling But Mine"

7

By JIMMIE DAVIS

I'll sit down be - side you, my
You said that your moth - er was

Dar - lin', I've wait-ed for you man-y years; And I prom-ise you
dead, love, My moth-er, like yours, left this world; No broth-ers, no

now that I'll nev - er Be no-bod - y's Dar-ling but yours.
sis - ters, to love me, There's no one but you, lit - tle girl.

CHORUS

No - bod - y's Dar-lin', but yours, love, I'll be faith-ful to you through the years.

— You'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but mine, love; — I'll be no-bod-y's dar-ling but yours.

That's Why I'm Nobody's Darling

By JIMMIE DA

Moderato

mf

While oth - ers are
In a warm co - z

walk - ing the street, — Count - ing their sil - ver and gold
room you may be, — With plen - ty of sil - ver and gold

— I am no - bod - y's dar - lin', I'm left
While you are lov - ing your dar - lin', I'm hun -

lone in the cold. — You played with my heart like a
friend - less and cold. — Each night — and day I will

C7 F Bb F C7 C9 Cb C7 F C7

Bright hopes you've tak - en from me; That's why I'm
To meet you in Heav - en some day; The heart that

no - bod - y's dar - lin' And no - bod - y cares for me.
once you have bro - ken Then will be hap - py and gay.

CHORUS
No - bod - y's dar - lin' am I. Heav -

mer - cy on me. I am no

dar - lin' And no - bod - y cares for me.

In My Cabin To-Night

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro.
Moderato

mf A moon is shin-in'

bright on my cab-in - to - night; The stars are in the

sky. A - lone I sit and pine With the lit - tle ba-by

mine, And dream of an an - gel on high.

CHORUS

In my cab - in to - night I'm so lone some;

G7 C G A7 D7 C D7 G7 C Cmi G

C G G7 C A7

Me and the cur-ly haired babe. Now that I've lost you, I

D Ddim Ami E7 A7 D7 Ami

know what it cost me; How I re-mem-ber the day.

D7 G Gmaj7 G7 C G Ami G

An an-gel ba-by I have as a mem-'ry, With a

G7 C E7 Ami C C#dim

face like yours so bright; And her eyes of blue re-

G Dmi6 E7 A7 D7 G Gmaj7 C G

mind me of you, In my cab-in, I'm lone-some to night.

Cowboy's Home Sweet Home

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. We were out on the lone prairie, On Franklin
 2. At — last we fell to talk — ing Of dis — tant
 3. We — asked him why he had to roam, If his home was so

Ridge one night, — Our — heads up — on our
 friends so dear; — A boy raised his head from his
 dear to him; — He — gazed at the ground for a

sad — dles, The fire was burn — ing bright.
 sad — dle, And wiped a way tear.
 mo — ment, His eyes with tears were dim.

— Said "Some were tell — ing sto — ries, While
 — He raised his head from his cot — tage, Tho'
 — — — — — sad — dle, And

some were sing - ing songs; I'd Some were id - ly
 far from it I've roamed; Said "Boys, my po - ny and
 looked the rough crowd o'er; I'll tell you the

smok - ing, As the hours rolled a - long.
 sad - dle, To be at Home, Sweet Home?
 reas - on, I left old Kan - sas Shore?

D.C. al Fine

Jellyroll Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Like my ice cream in a bowl; Like my ice cream in a bowl;
 2. Love Cor - in - na long and tall; Love my ma - ma long and tall;
 3. Ma - ma's got them lov - in' ways; Ma - ma's got them lov - in' ways;

Can't get e - nough to save my soul, But it ain't like jel - ly - roll.
 Ba - by can make a wild cat squawl, Got the best jel - ly roll of all.
 Give her rope and watch her play, Jel - ly roll's get - tin' bet - ter ev - ry day.

Fine

Bury Me In Old Kentucky

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. { To - mor - row was our wed - ding
 { Do you re - mem - ber the night you
 Chas. Oh, bur - y, me in the old Ken -
 2. { Now, when you're liv - ing in your
 { And the lone some night while he is

Chords: D7, G, C, G, G9, C

day, And now you are bid-ding me a - dieu,
 prom - ised, The night the sweet moon was low;
 tuck - y, Back where we all used to roam;
 glor - y, And sleep - ing in an oth - er's arms,
 sleep - ing, Won't you steal down to my grave;

Chords: G, A7, D7

To give your love all to an -
 Your tears fell down up on my
 Where the ros - es and the vio - lets
 Please think of some flow - ers the one who
 And place some of the gent - ly

Chords: G, C, G, G9, C

oth - er When you know I care for you.
 has - sen, You said, "I'll nev - er let you go.
 min - gled, Where we planned a hap - py home.
 loved you, Sleep - ing in Ken-tuck - y's arms.
 after me, And think of me the one you be trayed.

Chords: G, C#dim, D7, G

Fine

D. S. al Fine

Arabella Blues

15

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, How come ya do me like ya
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, When ya com - in'
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, What makes you so

o?
 ome?
 mean?
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, How come ya do me like ya
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, When ya com - in'
 Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la, What makes you so

do?
 home?
 mean?
 You left me griev - in', And you were leav - in',
 Aint seen no wom - an; Now I'm not just fool - in',
 I'm hot and both - ered, And I'm wet and wor - ried,

Ar - a - bel - la, Ar - a - bel - la,
 Aint seen no wom - an,
 Ill get an - oth - er ma - ma
 How come ya do me like ya
 Since you been do - oo?
 In New - Or gone.
 leans.

Alla en el Rancho Grande

Arreglo de
DONALD REEP

Allegro assai

f

ad lib.

VOZ

A llá en el ran-cho

grande a llá don-de vi-ví-a

ha bla-na ran-che-ri-ta que-a-le-gre me de-ci-a que-a-

le-gre me de - ci - a — Te voy ha-

cer tu cha - ma-rra — co-mo la
mien - zo de la-na y te la a

u - sa el va - que-ro
ca - bo de cue-ro.

1. 2. 3. *Para fin* A-
te la co- *ad lib.*

Bear Cat Mama From Horner's Corners

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Verse 1

Lis-ten, while I tell you 'bout my new gal Sal, I'm tell-in' you, she's a
 She's five foot two, weighs a hun-dred pounds, She can make a Jack rab-bit
 She's the daugh-ter of — old — jelly-roll king, — Troubled with the —

Verse 2

red hot pal, She's — hot-ter than old Cor-inne, I
 hug a hound; With — ros-y cheeks, sea blue eyes, —
 same old thing, She'd make an old man young, young man old, —

Verse 3

got her down in — New Or-leans. —
 She can make a dead man rise and fly. —
 Some good sis-ter — save my soul. —

CHORUS

She's a Bear-Cat Ma-ma from Horn-er's Cor-ners,
 She's a Bear-Cat Ma-ma from Horn-er's Cor-ners,
 She's a Bear-Cat Ma-ma from Horn-er's Cor-ners,
 She's keen on me;
 She's keen on me;
 She's keen on me;

Chords: Eb7, G, A7, D7, G dim, G, A7, D7, G, C7, G, A7, C# dim, D7.

G7 Ab9 G9 Ab9 G9 Ab9 D7aug Gm G
 She's sweet like a peach, tall like a tree, I'm tell-in' you, she's kill-in'
 She's fast like a train, tough like a mule, I'm tell-in' you, she's a pitch-in'
 Now Pe - ter and Paul, Cain and - Ab-el, she kicked the top off of Grand-pa's

Gm Gm6 Eb7 D7 A7 D7aug D7 G C9 G
 me, - I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.
 fool, I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.
 ta-ble, I mean I mean, - She's the keen-est gal I've seen.

It's All Coming Home To You

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro. C

mf I'm feel-ing might-y

F Fmi C Ami
 lone-some, I'm down-heart-ed too; I guess I should for - get you But I

find that hard to do. In dream, you'll al-ways lin-ger, Al-though you've proved un-

Chords: D7, G7, F, F aug

true; But the way that you mis-treat-ed me, It's all com-ing home to you.

Chords: C, D7, G, G dim, G7

CHORUS

My skies are gray Now that you've gone a-way, The whole wide

Chords: C, E7, A7, C# dim, A7, D7

world is blue. You left me for

Chords: G7, C, E7

some-one new, sweet-heart, But It's All Com-ing Home To You.

Chords: A7, C# dim, A7, D7, G7, C, F, C

Yo-Yo Mama

21

By JIMMIE DAVIS

My ma-ma's got a yo-yo, Keen-est yo-yo I've ev-er seen, When she goes a walk-in' down the street, say, won-der where she got that thing; She throws that yo-yo side-ways, She throws it up and down; And if that don't seem to get it, She throws it 'round and 'round. I'm cra-zy 'bout my ba-by, I'm wild a-bout my man.

Shirt-Tail Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I had pret-ty mon-ey, but the wom-en got me down.
 2. Had mon-ey in Chi-ca - go, Some down in Wau-ka-kee.
 3. Eat-in' chest-nuts down in Geor-gia, Back home in Car-o - line.

But I had lots of mon-ey, But the wom-en took me down.
 Had mon-ey in Chi-ca - go, Some down in Wau-ke - kee.
 Eat-in' chest - nuts in Geor-gia, Back home in Car-o - line.

Now my shirt - tail is drag-gin' round on the ground.
 Now the on - ly thing I've got Is a block-head-ed mem-o - ry.
 Now I'm walk-in' down old Broad-way Mooch - in' for a dime.

CHORUS
 Got the Shirt-tail Blues, wom-en got me down; Got the

Shirt-tail Blues, — wom-en got me down. — Now
my shirt-tail — is drag-gin' on the ground.

Chords: G7, D, D \flat , D, D \flat , D, D \flat , D, D \sharp dim, A7, D \sharp dim, A7, D, G, D, E \flat , D, G \flat , D.

Prairie Of Love

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro. *mf* To - night as I
stand by my po - ny, — And gaze at the heav-ens a - bove I just
won-der if ev-er a cow-boy — Will drift to that Prairie of Love,

Chords: D7, G, C, G, G, C, D7, G, D7, G, C, D7, G, C, G.

CHORUS

Will sad-dles and boots be de-mand-ed To ride on that range up a - bove? Will the heav-en-ly herd be re-brand-ed, When they cross to their prair-ie of love? Will the cow-boys all gath-er up yon-der To ride on that range, so fair? Will the cac-tus and wild rose be bloom-ing, Will they find peace and hap-pi-ness there?

Guitar chords: D7, G, C, G7, C, D7, G, D7, G, C, D7, G, Am7, G.

Would You

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. If you and I were all a - lone In a pri - vate lit - tle
 2. If you and I were on a ship Out - on the sea a -

place, With noth - ing in the world be - tween us But a lit - tle piece - of
 lone, Would you - wait - un - til mid - night, Could you wait un - til

lace, With no one there to in - ter - fere, And not a soul - in
 dawn? If I love you, and you love me, And I should hold - you

sight, Tell me, dar - ling would you kiss - me good - night. -
 tight, Tell me, dar - ling would you kiss - me good - night. -

I Wish I Had Never Seen Sunshine

JOHNNIE ROBERTS

Valse moderato

mf

Dis-ap-point-ed in love, I'm so lone-ly and blue; Wish I had
 We once were so hap-py, our fu-ture so bright, Oh, what a

nev-er met you; The plans that I made have all
 change time will bring, Now that I can't love you and

van-ished a-way, Since you have prov-en un-true.
 still call you mine, I'd rath-er not hear your name.

r.h.

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CHORUS

The musical score is written for voice and piano, with guitar chords indicated above the vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are: "I Wish I Had Nev - er Seen Sun - shine, Wish I had nev - er been blue. I wish I had died as a ba - by; And then I'd have nev - er known you. I you. Fine D. S." The score includes various guitar chords such as C, G, D7, Am, F7, G7, Cm, and D#dim. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords that support the vocal melody. The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction "D. S." (Da Capo).

I Wish I Had Nev - er Seen Sun - shine,

Wish I had nev - er been blue. I wish I had

died as a ba - by; And then I'd have

nev - er known you. I you. Fine

D. S.

Hold 'er Newt

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I took my gal for a bug-gy ride, Con-trolled that old gray mule, That
 2. He shut both eyes, he — raised his tail, Both way up in the back, He
 3. We went down by the old church - house, — They were knelt in pray'r, The

mule's been here for ma-ny a year, But still he's a ram-bling fool.
 walked the dog; done the turk - ey trot; — Then he — balled the jack.
 preach - er shout-ed "Hal-le - lu - jah!" — That mule, he — caught the air.

CHORUS
 Oh hold her, Newt, hold her, Hold her, Newt, I say;
 Hold her, Newt, hold her, Don't let her get a way. —

D. C. al Fine

Graveyard Blues

29

By JIMMIE DAVIS

C7° F F7

1. Oh, the old grave-yard, Is a place I don't want to
 2. Now the doc - tor said, It's an - oth - er - month for
 3. Now for weeks and weeks, I've been here flat - on my

Bb Bbm

go; Oh, the old grave - yard, Is a
 me; Now the doc - tor said, It's an -
 back; Now for weeks and weeks, I've been

F F#dim C7° Db9 C7°

place I don't want to go; I hate to feel so
 oth - er - month for me; But the way I'm feel - ing
 here flat - on my back; And my ma - ma's down in

F#dim Gm7 C7° F

lone - ly, Out in the rain and the snow.
 to - day, It's a month too long - for me.
 Mem - phis; They say she's ball - in' the jack.

D. C. al Fine

Get On Board, Aunt Susan

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Yel-low gal rides a
 2. Yel-low gal sleeps on a
 3. Yel-low gal wears

Cad - ill - ac,
 fold - in' bed,
 high heel shoes,

Brown skin rides the same...
 Brown skin does the same...
 Brown skin wears the same...

Black gal rides a
 Black gal sleeps on the
 Black gal goes bare

wag - on load,
 cab - in floor,
 foot - ed, —

Rid - in' long just the same.
 Snooz - in' long just the same.
 Walk - in' long just the same.

Oh, get on board, Aunt

Su - san!

Get on, All a - board!

Sweetheart Of West Texas

31
JIMMIE DAVIS
BONNIE DODD

Moderato Bb

mf I'm dream-ing to night of West Tex-as; There's a girl who is wait-ing for me.

In her heart I know there'll be a wel-come; Her face I am long-ing to see.

We will ride through the great o-pen spac-es, While the moon shines up a-bove.

And the stars they will wink as they lis-ten To my sto-ry of un-dy-ing love.

Refrain Bb $Bb7$ Eb

She's the Sweet-heart of West Tex-as; In her arms I will find per-fect rest,

Clouds will pass when I reach that safe hav-en; O car-ry me back to the west.

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Sweetheart Of West Texas

JIMMIE DAVIS
BONNIE DODD

31

Moderato

mf I'm dream-ing to night of West Tex-as; There's a girl who is wait-ing for me.

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Refrain

mf She's the Sweet-heart of West Tex- as; In her arms I will find per-fect rest,

Clouds will pass when I reach that safe hav- en; O car-ry me back to the west.

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Home In Carolin'

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro.

mf

old and ag - ed mem - ber when I cou - ple in Car - o - lin'; They've been wait - ing there And how they both held my

for a and time; There's my dad - dy old and gray, And they hands and cried. How they begged me not to roam, But I

say he'll pass a - way, So I'm leav - ing here to - day for Car - o - lin'. walked a - way from home, As I told them I'd be back - bye and bye.

CHORUS

Dad of mine, Dad of mine; How I'm hop - ing that the

C
 by my side, A rid - in' him out on the
 these cit - y ways Are driv - in' me in -

D7 D7aug G7
 Just to kick him in the side, Just to show his step and
 Oh, I wan - na go back, Oh, please take me

A7 D7 G7 C
 Out on MON - TAN - A - PLAINS Yo - dle
 Back to MON - TAN - A - PLAINS

1 No repeat Fine

(YODEL)
 Ay - ee - ee - o - dle - ee - dle - ay - ee - ee - ay - dle - ee - dle - ay - ee - o - dle

Dm Bdim C Adim G7 C G7 Gm7
 ay - hee - ay - lee - ay - hee - o - dle - ay - hee hee. Each

8 8 8 D.S.

Some time soon I'll be going back,
 Back where the skies are blue;
 In a little hut just built for two
 That's where our dreams come true
 I'm tired of subways and forty story shacks
 I'm afraid in the wide open range;
 Oh I wanna go back, oh please take me back,
 Back to MONTANA PLAINS.

train will be on time; I can hard-ly hold my tears, It has
 been so ma-ny years, Since I left my dear old home in Car-o - lin'.

Alimony Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

mf

I mar - ried a ma - ma, Thought I was set - tled down;
 Now my clothes are all rag-ged, And my feet are on the ground;
 She got al - i - mon - y, When she got a di - vorce;
 And I'm still work-ing for her, But my boss is a po - lice horse.

Mar-ried, I got mar - ried, de - cid-ed to set-tle down.
 She got al - i - mon - y, I got the Al - i - mon - y Blues.
 I got the Al - i - mon - y When she got a di - vorce.
 I got the Al - i - mon - y Blues.

Montana Plains

Words and Music by
RUBY BLEVINS
(Patsy Montana)

Brightly *f* *mf*

I wan - na drink my jav -
Each night in my dreams

- a from an old tin can When the moon goes to shin - in' high -
Some - how it seems - I'm way back where I be - long -

I'm gon - na hear the howl of the whip - poor - will's
Just a coun - try hick, way back in the sticks

I wan - na hear a coy - ote whine; I wan - na have my sad -
Back where I be - long; This cit - y life

Chords: Ab7, D7, G7, C, C, C, C, Dm, C, G7, C, Caug, D7, Ddim, D7, Am7, D7, G7, C, Caug, C, G7, B, C

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3

The image shows a page of sheet music for a song. It includes a piano accompaniment on the left and a vocal melody on the right. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The score is divided into several systems, each with a key signature change indicated by a sharp sign on the F line of the piano part. The lyrics are: "dle horse by my side, on the And these cit-y ways Are driv-in' him out in range, sane, Just to Oh, I kick him in the side, Just to show his step and wan-na go back, Oh, please take me pride back, Out on MON-TAN-A PLAINS Yo-dle Yo-dle (YODEL) Ay-ee-ee-o-dle-ee-dle-ay-ee-ee-ay-dle-ee-dle-ay-ee-o-dle-ay-hee-ay-lee-ay-hee-o-dle-ay-hee-hee. Each". The piano part includes various chords and a melodic line. The vocal part includes a yodel section and a final line. The page number "3" is in the top right corner.

3

dle horse by my side, on the
And these cit-y ways Are driv-in' him out in

range, sane, Just to Oh, I kick him in the side, Just to show his step and
wan-na go back, Oh, please take me

pride back, Out on MON-TAN-A PLAINS Yo-dle Yo-dle

(YODEL)
Ay-ee-ee-o-dle-ee-dle-ay-ee-ee-ay-dle-ee-dle-ay-ee-o-dle-ay-hee-ay-lee-ay-hee-o-dle-ay-hee-hee.
Each

3 Some time soon I'll be going back,
Back where the skies are blue;
In a little hut just built for two
That's where our dreams come true
I'm tired of subways and forty story shacks
I'm afraid in the wide open range;
Oh I wanna go back, oh please take me back,
Back to MONTANA PLAINS.

She's A Hum-Hum-Dinger

By JIMMIE DAVIS

D \flat 7

1. Talk a - bout your girls, but you ought to see mine;— She
 2. Took her to — church in — my — home - town;—
 3. Old — broth - er Dea - con by the old — fire place, —
 4. Crossed — both — eyes, She — ran — way back, — She

C7 **F** **C7** **D \flat 7**

ain't so good look-in' but she's dressed so fine. — She long, she's tall, she's a
 Preach - er got hard and threw his bib - le down. — Says, "I been preach-in' a
 Run — 'at sis - ter one — aw - ful race. — Ov - er took her a
 Knocked at the knees, — and she balled the jack. — Steady, Jane, steady don't you

C7 **F**

hand - some queen; — She's got ways like a mow - in' ma - chine. —
 long, long time; — Dea - con, get yours 'cause — I — got mine. —
 way up - town; — She got warm and turned his dam - per down. —
 both - er me; — I'll whup you down with a sin - gle tree. —

CHORUS **D \flat 7** **C7** **F** **C7** **F** **G9** **Gmi7** **C7** **F** **Gmi7** **F#**

She's a hum-hum-dinger from Ding - er - ville, Um! Watch her strut her stuff.

Organ Grinder Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Jealous Lover

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Intro.

mf

1. Down by a weep - ing wil - low, Down where the
 2. Come, love, now let us wan - der Out in the
 3. Out in the woods they wan - dered, Till the eve - ning
 4. She said, "Now let us go, dear, Back to that
 5. He says, "Now that I have you, No man can

dais - ies grew; Down to a maid - en's
 woods so gay. We can talk and we can
 sun was low; The whip - poor - wills were
 home of mine; We can talk to a dad and
 save your life; I am a jeal - ous

cot - tage A jeal - ous lov - er drew.
 pon - der We can plan our wed - ding day.
 sing - ing, And it was time to go.
 moth - er, And then we can dine.
 lov - er; Down in these woods you must die."

Chords: C7, F, Eb, F7, Bb, C9, F, G7, C7, Gm7, C7, F, Eb, F7, Bb, Bdim, C7, G9, C7, F, Bb6, F

Shotgun Wedding

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I went to see my sweet-heart, Her dad met me at the
 2. Look-ing down the noz-zle of a shot-gun Shak-in' like a dog with pal-
 3. He let that gun go off, — He said he was try-ing it

Chords: S, Eb, Bb7, Eb, Bb7

door; Said, "my boy, we are gon-na have a wed-ding here Like we
 sie, Her — dad had his fin-ger on the trig-ger, And I was
 out; I — said, "Let's have the wed-ding here, Be -

Chords: Eb, Eb7, Ab

nev - er had be - fore; She was my daugh - ter
 shak - in' at the knee; It was his daugh - ter
 fore the groom pass - es out; She was your daugh - ter

Chords: Eb, Edim, Bb7, D, Bb7

— and you done her wrong!"
 — and I done her wrong. (Yodel)
 — and I done her wrong!" (Yodel)

Chords: Fm7, Bb7, Eb, Ab6, B7, Eb

Fine

D.S. al Fine

I'll Get Mine Bye And Bye

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb,
 2. Said — I'll get mine, bye and bye,
 3. Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt,
 4. When the roos - ter said, that the egg was red,

— Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb,
 — Said — I'll get mine, bye and bye,
 — Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt,
 — When the roos - ter said, that the egg was red,

— Went to see my gal, And when I left I heard the back door
 — Lord-y I'll get mine, When the chick-ens don't — roost so
 — If I can't get in, Ain't no — bo - dy — com - in'
 — He — walked a - cross, The street and knocked the — big cock

slam, Went to see my gal, meek as a lamb.
 high, — I'll get mine, bye and bye.
 out, Sit - ting on the doorstep, with - out a doubt.
 dead, But I'll get mine, bye.

Al Fine

Davis' Salty Dog

41

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can
 2. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can
 3. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can
 4. I can hear you com-ing now, you salt - y dog, I can

hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, You have
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, I have
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, If you
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog, If you

been a - way so long, I'm get - ting good and strong; I can
 been good and true, So hur - ry down the Av - e - nue; I can
 don't get here on time, I may change my mind; I can
 want the good work done, Get off your clothes and drop the gun; I can

hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.
 hear you com - ing now, you salt - y dog.

The Davis Limited

By JIMMIE DAVIS

The musical score is written for piano in a key of B-flat major (two flats). It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. Chord diagrams are provided above the treble staff for various chords: F7, Bb, Eb, Bb, C7, F7, Bb, Ab6, Bb7, Eb, Bb, Edim, F7, Bb, Eb6, Ebm6, Bb, F7, and Bb. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

(Spoken)

All aboard the Davis Limited
This train leaves Atlanta all packed and primed
and headed for all points southwest. Go to bed, children,
hush your cryin'. Let's all take a ride on the old
streamline.

Pour it on, boys, Give her lots of coal. Stick your head
out the window, watch your drivin' coal. Lower berths,
ten dollars; upper berths, nine; box cars, four bits;
flat cars, a dime. You hoboes, flag this train. All out
for Birmingham.

High-Geared Daddy

43

By JIMMIE DAVIS
and BUDDY JONES

1. Well, I just came back from a - cross the slue, I'm a true lov-in' dad-dy and it
3. You can feel of my knee, You can feel of my thigh, You can feel of my thigh, - You -
5. Well I woke this morn-ing in the Dal - las jail, Did-n't have no - bo-dy - to

G7 A7 G#dim D7

just won't do, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.
got me high, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, There's noth-in' I won't do.
go my bail, - I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I won't be treat-ed this way.

G7 Gdim G7 C Dmi C F

2. Well come on mam-ma let's strut our stuff, - I'm a true lov-in' dad-dy and I
4. I got a gal and she lives on the hill, - She's a corn-fed - ma-ma, but I
6. Went to see my gal at the set-tin' of the sun, - Her old man - met me with a

C Dmi C A7 D7

new-er had e-nough, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.
love her still, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.
big shot gun, I'm a high-geared dad-dy, I don't care what I do.

G7 Gdim G7 C F C Dmi C F C

Come On Over To My House

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Moderato

f

1. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;
 2. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;
 3. Come on ov-er to my house, babe;

Ain't no-bod-y home but me.
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.

Come on ov-er to my house, babe;
 Come on ov-er to my house, babe;
 Come on ov-er to my house, babe;

Lone-some as can
 Lone-some as can
 Lone-some as can

be; Now way last win-ter times were hard,
 be; There was an old maid layin' in bed,
 be; Now you know ma-ma, Ya treated me wrong When ya broke me down in my

Back in the kit-chen I was
 Stuck her head out the
 broke me down in my

skat-in' my lard.
 win-dow and said.
 get a - long.

Come on ov-er to my house babe;
 Come on ov-er to my house babe;
 Come on ov-er to my house babe;

Ain't no-bod-y home but me.
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.
 Ain't no-bod-y home but me.

DC. al Fine

Just Forgive And Forget

45

JIMMIE DAVIS

Just For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin' And prom - ise me now as I leave

That you'll keep all my let - ters and gold ring, And re - mem - ber, dear, you're not to grieve.

Tacet

So For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin', But re - mem - ber these last words I say,

— That this is a sad but fair part - ing, — And we'll meet up in heav - en some day.

Then for - ev - er, Sweet - heart we'll be hap - py; The bright an - gels will tell us of love;

So For - give and For - get me, my Dar - lin', Till we meet up in heav - en a - bove

Don't Say Goodbye If You Love Me

By JIMMIE DAVIS
BONNIE DODD

Moderato



mf

1. You tell me to-day that you're go-ing Far a-way just to
2. Each night I will kneel by my bed-side, I will pray one sweet

make you a name, You tell me that you're dis-con-
prayer just for you. I will ask of the Kind One in

tent-ed, And that you are search-ing for fame;
heav-en, Just to make all your dreams, dear, come true.

Some how I can't real-ize we're part-ing, I have
If this, love, should be our last meet-ing, I will

Chords: F, F7, Bb, Bbm, C7, Bdim

grew used to hav - ing you near, The strings in my heart, love, are
al - ways love you just the same, I will keep a sweet mem - o - ry

F Bdim C7 F F7

break - ing, I just can't say "Good - bye" to you dear.
of you, You will live in my heart like a flame.

Bb Bdim F C7 Bb C7 F Bb6 F

CHORUS

mf DON'T SAY GOOD - BYE IF YOU LOVE ME, For 'twould make my

F C7 F F7 Bb F

heart o - ver flow; Kiss my lips once ere you

C7 Gm Eb7 C7 F Bb F F7

leave me, Just don't say "Good - bye" when you go.

Bb Bdim F C7 F Bb Bbm6 F

Sewing Machine Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

mf

1. Went up - on the moun-tain, - Looked at the high ris-ing sun; Went up
 2. Two trains at the sta-tion, - Good gal, don't you want to go? Two trains
 3. Goin' to tel-e-phone to Heav-en, - To send me an an-gel down; Goin' to
 4. No mat-ter 'bout your mon-ey, - No mat-ter 'bout your lim-ou-sine; No -

on the moun-tain, - Looked at the high ris-ing sun. - Says, "You
 at the sta-tion, - Good gal, don't you want to go? - One-
 tel-e-phone to Heav-en, - To send me an an-gel down. - If you
 mat-ter 'bout your mon-ey, - No mat-ter 'bout your lim-ou-sine; - But when

can't do - by me, Lord, What Do re-ma done done.
 head - ed for Mem - phis, One for Mex - i - co.
 have - n't got an an - gel, Send a high step-pin' brown.
 you go - with me, gal, Don't for get that sewin machine.

High Behind Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Goin' to wash my face In the Gulf of Mex - i - co;
 2. I won-der if a match-box lone-some clothes;
 3. I ain't got no good pal, Would hold my la - dy friends;
 4. May ride a freight train, Aint got no pull-man blind;

Goin' to wash my face In the Gulf of
 I won-der if a match-box Would hold my
 I ain't got no good pal, Aint got no
 May ride a freight - train, May ride a

Mex - i - co; I'd like to hang a - round,
 lone - some clothes; Aint got so man - y gals,
 la - dy friends; Aint got no one to say,
 pull - man blind; Makes no dif - f'rence what I ride,

But I can hear that freight - train blow.
 Got so far to go.
 "When are you com - in' home a - gain?"
 I'm get - tin' high be - hind.

Gambler's Return

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. In a gam-bler's hall one day, In a town so far a-
 2. It had been ma-ny years to me, Since I sat on moth-er's
 3. As I reached the old de-pot, Just six miles from my old
 4. He said, "Son, I guess you know, Why my heart is pain-ing

way, Where the gam-blers, they were com-ing to and fro;
 knee, Then — I left her and old dad all a lone;
 home, Friends that I had not seen for ma-ny years;
 so, The on-ly treas-ure that I had now is gone;

To my side there came a lad, With a face so ver-y
 As I read the mes-sage clear, All the gam-blers they drew
 From the crowd a gray haired man Of-fered me a trem-bling
 As she passed a-way, my boy, Said her heart would beat with

and, says, "Mis-ter Jim, your dear old
 near, I said, "So long, boys, I
 hand, "Twas my dad-dy as he
 joy, If she could meet you
 moth-er's ver-y
 must be go-ing
 broke-down in
 in the an-gels
 low,
 home."
 tears.
 home.

Down At The Old Country Church

51

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Slowly

mf

Lord, when the

E♭

Saints — go march - ing home, — Lord, when the

B♭7 Fm7 B♭7 E♭ D♭

Saints go march - ing home, — Oh, Lord I want to be in that

E♭7 A♭ E♭ B♭7 E♭ Cmi Fm7 B♭7 E♭

num - ber, — When the Saints go march - ing home. —

Red Nightgown Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. We bought the li - cense, went to see Par - son Brown,
 2. With two head - locks and a sock in the jaw,

Cor-rine could-n't wait and she thowed me down. Said now Par - son don't
 I said, "Cor-rine, what's the mat - ter now?" Said "Pa-pa stead-y don't

wait so long Two more min-utes and Im go - ing wrong.
 take me so fast, If you take me too fast sweet Ma - ma can't last.

CHORUS
 She's com-in' to town in a red night-gown; Some-bod-y head Cor - rine.

I Want Her Tailor-Made

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. I'm look - ing for — a ma - ma, Like I met down in Mex - i -
 2. I want her fast — like light - ning, One hun - dred in the

co, shade, I'm look - ing for — a ma - ma, Like I
 I want her fast — like light - ning,

met down in Mex - i - co; She's 'an eas - y look - ing
 One hun - dred in the shade, I — want her made — to

ma - ma, She'll get you an - y time you go. — (Yodel)
 or - der, I want — her — tail - or — made. — (Yodel)

I Wonder If She's Blue

By JIMMIE DAVIS

mf

All the world looks blue for she
I — won - der where she

me, to - night, Sweet-heart, you're far a - way; The
is, to - night, Won - der who he can be; I

nights and days, they seem so long, But you're hap - py so they
won - der if she tells him of Her — lov - ing days with

say. me. I won - der if it's real - ly true, or
I won - der if they say "Good - night" just

do you just pre - tend, For a lov - er loves
like we used to do. And when she sees that

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Eb G7 Cmi Cmi7 Ab6 Bb7 Eb Ab6 B7 Eb6

on - ly once With a love that nev - er ends.
 same old moon, I won - der if she's blue.

Fine

D.S. al Fine

Saturday Night Stroll

By JIMMIE DAVIS

F

There is preach-ing to -

F7 Bb F C7 F

night, There's preach-ing to - night, There is preach-ing on the old camp

C G7 C7 F7 Bb

ground; There is preach-ing to - night, There's preach-ing to -

F C7 F

night, There is preach-ing on the old camp ground.

When It's Round Up Time In Heaven

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Valse Moderato

mf

They tell me of a
Dear loved ones have

place and they tell me of a day, Where the saints shall be gath-ered to
I, and per-haps have you, Who have re-cent-ly gone that

stay; They shall come from the East, They shall come from the
way; But the time is now short, For then and for

West, When we gath-er on that round-up day.
me, When we gath-er on that round-up day.

CHORUS

When It's Round Up Time In Heav-en, and our trou-bles on earth are

o'er, All the friends that death has sev-ered, shall gath-er on that

gold-en shore, 'Twill be sweet when we meet at Jes-us' feet with no

heart-aches, no pains, no sigh, When they comb Heav-en's plains, Will they find your

name, At the great round-up in the sky. When It's sky.

Wild And Reckless Hobo

By JIMMIE DAVIS
and JONES

1. I'm a wild and reck - less ho - bo, I
 2. thought while I was on this trip, I'd
 3. walk - ing down the rail - road track I
 4. heart be - gan to roll a - round, And
 5. pulled my cap down o - ver my eyes, And
 6. got off at a lit - tle town, And be -

left my hap - py home; Start - ed out on a
 sure - ly have some fun; Just a thou - sand
 went in a rail - road shop; heard an en - gin - eer
 I be - gan to sing, I When ev - er that freight
 start - ed down the track, Caught the end of an
 gan to roam a - round, Look - in' for an

west - ern trip, All by my - self a lone; 2. I
 miles from home, And I am on the bum. 3. While
 tell a man, — This train would - n't stop. 4. My
 train comes by, I'll grab her on the wing. 5. I
 old freight train, And I nev - er did look back. 6. I
 old freight yard, And a train that was west bound. —

Honky Tonk Blues

JIMMIE DAVIS

Brightly

f

1. If you go down to the "bot-tom," bet-ter
 2. I went down to the "bot-tom," just a
 3. Drank a half a pint of li- quor and a

watch the way you act; If you fool a-round them "Honk-ies," you will nev- er make it
 week a- go to day, Met a Honk-y Tonk- y ba- by an' I could-n't get a-
 half a pint o' gin, Saw my Honk-y Tonk- y ma- ma fool-in' 'round some oth- er

back; Get in - to trou-ble, the best you can do is lose; For them
 way; Lost all my mon-ey, brandnew hat and shoes; For them
 men; Real-ly felt mis-treat-ed, my ba- by a- bout to lose; Got

Honk- y Tonk- y Ma- man will give you the Honk- y Blues. *Fine*
 Honk- y Tonk- y Ma- mas I real-ly had them Honk- y Blues.
 Jeal-ous of my ba- by, I had them old Honk- y Blues.

D.S. al Fine

You'll Be Comin' Back Some Day

By JIMMIE DAVIS

Moderato

There's a coy-ote howl-in' a-way out there Just a-cross that great di- vide, And it brings to me those

mem-o-ries Of the good old days gone by, When I used to ride on the prair-ie trail And

gaze up at the moon, It seems to me I can hear you say, You'll be com-in' back some day,

Chorus

Oh — take me, — Oh, prair - ie; — Al-ways keep me in your sight —

— When I slum - ber gent - ly on through the night — And the coyotes howl-in' to

you, old moon so bright, Now there's no use de - ny - ing — While I've been cry - ing —

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For your face so kind and gay, — Ev'-ry step of the way I can
still hear you say: — You'll be com-in' back some day.

Pi-Rootin' Around

JIMMIE DAVIS

Gon-na put on my Sun-day britches, Gon-na part my hair on the side; Gon-na hitch my mule to the
wag-on Gon-na hop right in and ride, Gon-na race back and crack my donk-ey Gon-na
suck a-round down thru town, So hop in the wag-on Ma-ma, let's go Pi root-in' a-
round Great big pie! root toot toot! 'Round and 'round and round.

Midnight Blues

By JIMMIE DAVIS

1. Had the blues in the morn-ing, Had the blues all day long;
 woke up at mid- night, Moon was shin-ing on the floor,
 climbed in my win- dow, Looked straight in- to my face,
 walked 'round my bed side, Sat down in the rock-in' chair,
 walked up to my bed side, Touched me with her cold pale hand,

Had the blues in the morn- ing (good gal) — Had the
 Woke up at mid night, Moon was
 Climbed in to my win- dow, Cast her
 Walked a - round my bed - side, Sat down
 Walked up to my bed - side, Touched me

blues all day long; Had the blues at mid - night, — Who
 shin-ing on the floor; Saw the shad-ow of a wom - an, — Hid -
 peep - ers in my face; I passed her in my blues, (Sweetheart blues)
 in the rock-in' chair; I picked the cov - er off, — Now
 with her cold pale hand; Said, "I've looked this wide world ov - er, — Oh,

made the good gals - go wrong. 2. I
 ing in the long - a - go. 3. She
 Just can't stay an - y place. 4. She
 Ber - tha what you doin' here? 5. She
 Tom, are you still - my man?"

Home Wreckin' Blues

By JIMMY DAVIS
ED SCHAFFER

Chords: Cmi6, Dmi, C, Cmi6, C

1. Oh, tell me, ba - by, train right - thru you
 2. Mm - - - - - What's the - mat - ter
 3. Mm - - - - - I ain't gon - na sing no

Chords: F9, F7, F9

town;
 now?
 more;

Oh, tell me ba - by,
 Mm - - - - -
 Mm - - - - - I

Chords: C, C6, C#dim, G7

train right - thru your town;
 What's the - mat - ter now?
 ain't gon - na sing no more;

Leav - in' - you -
 I'm quit - tin' -
 I'm gon - na leave from

Chords: C

now, be - cause I - got to go.
 her, Ba - by, Sure has - got to me.
 here, ain't com - in' back no more.

CHORDS FOR UKULELE AND TENOR BANJO

The diagrams in this book are for the Guitar.

The letters over the diagrams are the names of the chords as played on any instrument.

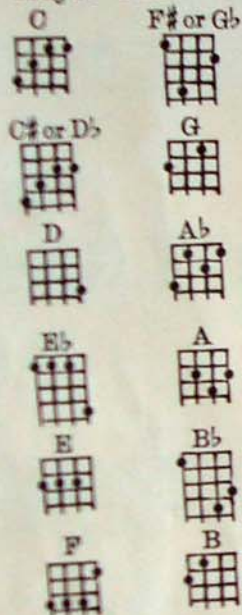
The following tables show the fingering of all these chords for Ukulele and Tenor Banjo.

Press strings as indicated by dots.
Strike all 4 strings.

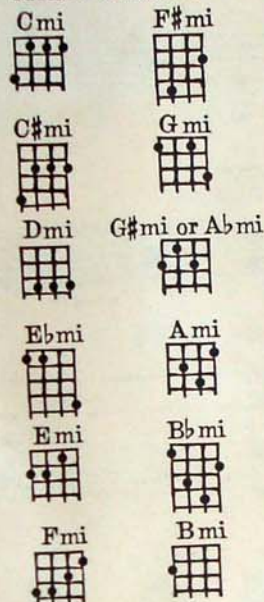
UKULELE

A D F# B

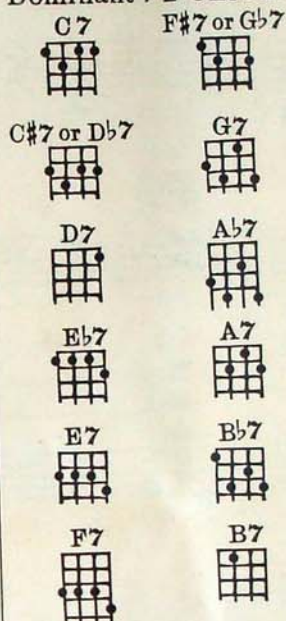
Major Chords



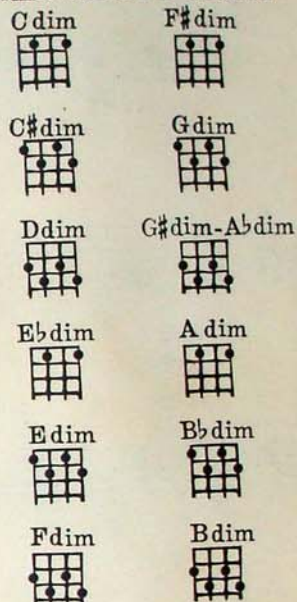
Minor Chords



Dominant 7th Chords



Diminished 7th Chords



Press strings as indicated by dots.
Strike all 4 strings.

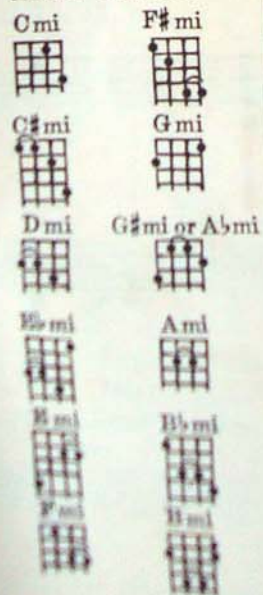
TENOR BANJO

C G D A

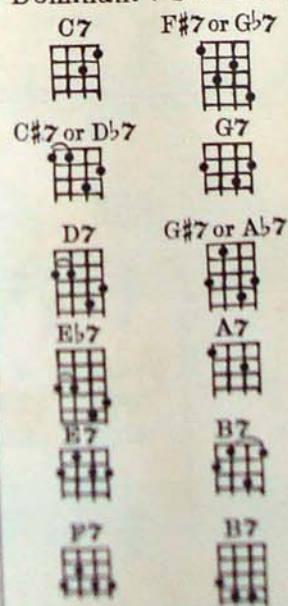
Major Chords



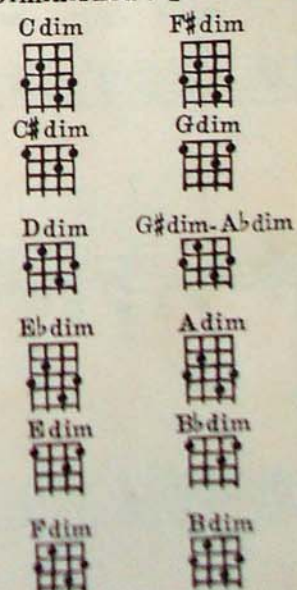
Minor Chords



Dominant 7th Chords



Diminished 7th Chords



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